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INTEGRITY

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THIS ISSUE:
HOPE
AND
DESPAIR

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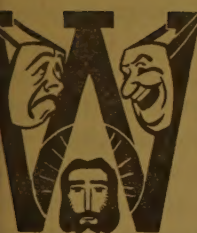
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EDITORIAL

E WISH our readers a Happy, a Holy and a *Hopeful* New Year. Hope seems to be precisely the virtue to practice in 1952, when ominous clouds are gathering and men everywhere are tempted to despair.

So fittingly, we have treated the subject in this issue. Dorothy Dohen's article on "Hope" is one of her best, we think. For the benefit of new readers, Dorothy has a gift of presenting sound theology in a simple manner with telling illustrations. Sheed and Ward has published a collection of her previous *Integrity* articles under the title, *Vocabulary To Love*.

Dr. Wu ("Hope and Despair") is our friend (of which we are proud), author of *Beyond East and West* (of which Sheed and Ward is proud), translator of the Bible into Chinese, former ambassador from China to the Vatican, father of thirteen children, presently teaching law at Seton Hall College. His is the mystic's view of our subject.

R. C. Douglas' article ("A City Called Heaven") might seem far off the subject, but it isn't. She is an American who has lived long time abroad. Seeing her native land with fresh eyes, she finds its hope lies in its contemplative life.

"Melancholy" and "Optimism" are diseases related to despair and hope. Father Keenan, an English Franciscan, has introduced the psychiatric angle. Peter Michaels of our staff, has taken a large social view.

Finally there is Friedrich Georg Juenger, the German poet, whom we reprint from time to time. The "Vengeance of the Suffered Elements" is one of those stabs into the heart of materialistic technology that should carry over for at least a month's vulnerability to propaganda about our brave new world.

Good reading!

THE EDITOR

Hope

I have always taken the subject of hope personally. This is, ever since I was in the sixth grade and was chosen to play the part of Hope in *Pandora's Box*. I don't know why I was cast in that role. I remember clearly that the girl who was chosen to be Sorrow was cheerful and light-hearted, and even at the time seemed to me we were miscast. For in school especially I was a woeful child, and not at all the one to step encouragingly out of Pandora's box to bring solace to mankind after the storm of tribulations and sufferings had been let loose on the human race. But perhaps it was all because I happened to look well in green or because the costume fit me. . . .

Anyway, the more I have thought about it the more I have come to realize that hope is not necessarily the virtue of carefree children. Hope knows the look of sorrow and of calamity and of death. Hope does not close its eyes at the appearance of misfortune, nor pretend not to see the harsh realities of life. It can look at failure unflinchingly and face the errors and evils of life as they are. Hope does not delude itself by any fanciful false vision of Progress; neither does it hide itself in the security of time that is past. Hope can breathe in the present while it looks to the future. For, hope is, because *God is*.

It is the presence, the fact of, the reality of God that is the being of hope. Theologians put it that the formal motive of hope is: *Deus auxilians*—God the Helper.

We hope for God, in God, and because He is God. There is a wealth of material for contemplation, for joy, for ecstatic gaiety, in those words.

And the saddest thing today is not that there is suffering—suffering which is unimaginably intense—nor that the world is a confusion out of which apparently there is no way. The saddest thing is that there is so little hope, and that millions of men seem to have given way to despair.

I was talking with a friend who just returned from working in a D.P. camp and she was telling me of the sufferings of the people. She talked of their physical hardships and mental anguish but the thing which evidently shook her (and which terrified me) she summed up in the sentence: "There is no hope."

Hopelessness Has Two Faces

Despair is the saddest thing. But perhaps it is not the saddest. For maybe in the souls of those who have been laid low—who have been stripped as a stalk naked of all its grain and left

to rot and die, there lies hidden unknown the seed of hope. It is more than possible that in the hearts which are benumbed and apparently lifeless, which no longer seem to quicken to the Spirit of God, is hidden the seed of hope which needs only the Sun of His Love to turn it once again into living virtue. So perhaps the millions of men who are imprisoned in despair are not the real tragedy.

Perhaps the real tragedy is that there are millions who live in hope, but in a hope that is not founded on God.

To live confidently, to face the future blithely, to put up with discomfort and trial, because one hopes in God, is one thing. But to do all these things because one hopes in oneself, or in science, or in the innate goodness of mankind, is entirely different. And yet this presumption often successfully wears the mask of hope. People are fooled and they do not see that it is really as opposed to hope as is despair, that it is likewise really hopeless. In a way there is something much more sinister about the mass presumption of our day than about the mass despair. The latter keeps its face buried in the dust, in sorrow and humiliation, but the other flaunts the face of God.

The Forgotten Virtue

But when we talk about mass despair or mass presumption we cannot forget that hope is a virtue abiding in the individual. The supernatural virtue of hope was infused into our souls at baptism when we received the grace of God. So, let us take the subject of hope personally.

It is the thing we need most in our days, and it is the virtue to venture to guess that few people bother fostering.

There are prayers sent tripping off to Heaven for the virtue of purity, and many are the petitions for the grace to conquer an ungovernable temper, or the evils of drink. But chastity and meekness and temperance, wonderful as they are, are still second-order virtues, not to be compared with hope which is one of the big three. For, along with faith and charity it has God as its immediate object, it is concerned directly with the end in view, and unlike the moral virtues is not limited to the means we'll take to get there. Hope looks to the door of Heaven and only leaves us once we're over the sill.

The odd thing is that neglecting to pray for and cultivate hope as we do, it is nonetheless the thing we are really seeking. How much emphasis today is put on security? How hard do we try individually and collectively to rid ourselves of anxieties and fears, to look for something in which to put our confidence? We

all yearn for something—for some endless good—what, we don't exactly know. But what is this yearning for permanent happiness? Is it not a shadowy reflection of hope?

Hope is the natural yearning of man lifted to the supernatural plane. Yet hope is more than wish, more than mere yearning. For it is the Christian's confident straining toward the good for which he was made. Our catechism's definition of hope is that it "is a divine virtue by which we firmly trust that God will give us eternal life and the means to obtain it."

Faith has given us knowledge of the goal; now hope assures us that the goal of Heaven and the vision of God is meant for each of us personally. God draws us to union with Himself, and hope gives us the certitude that God in His power and mercy will give us the means to attain to Him.

Our hope in God is our security. It assures us that we have a goal and makes us trust that God will provide the way. Hope—not the unstable, natural emotion but the permanent infused virtue—is the answer to our anxieties and fears. Why should we worry? Everything and everyone else may fail us, but God will not. Why should we be anxious? Even though we appear in want, hope gives us conviction that God has care of our needs. Why should we be uncertain? By the grace of God we are on the right road and He will not fail us in struggling toward our destination.

Hope in Things

But although this virtue was given us in Baptism, in many of us it is infrequently exercised. I don't mean merely in the matter of being slack in making acts of hope. Even those of us who pay lip-service to hope in God, in daily life act as if hope for our security and our happiness lies in money or exterior possessions. We may not go to the extent of "putting all our trust in money or in treasures," but we are over-anxious about them. We have a definite list of things *we cannot do without*. We are inclined to doubt God's care of us and grow discouraged if we lack any of the temporal goods we deem necessary for our welfare. We are travelers on the way to eternity who are disgruntled and shaken in our confidence if we find that the road is not as well-paved as we'd wish!

In most of us hope in God is mixed with a curious combination of hope in things. These two are sometimes so inextricably combined psychologically that when one fails the other deserts us. It may seem ridiculous but there are people who in despair stop going to church if they lose their money. And is there one

of us who does not have to confess that at one time or another our hope was temporarily shaken and we thought, "What's the use?" because we didn't get some *thing* (temporal or spiritual) which we thought we needed?

I have to confess when I thought of the plight of the D.P.'s and of the hundreds of thousands whose lives seem to have been the long succession of concentration and slave labor camps, my reaction to their hopelessness was: "How can they hope, God *isn't* taking care of them." For my idea of hope for them was mixed with a reliance on definite material benefits and sensible spiritual helps. There may not be outward signs of God's care, but hope is not based on appearances. And who is to say that God is not working out the salvation of these, His most long-suffering children, in this way more surely than if He granted them a normal Christian life on earth?

It is true that, as Saint Thomas says, there is a modicum of material goods necessary for the practice of virtue, but our hope is based *in God* not in that modicum, so that hope can continue even if this modicum vanishes. In our weakness we cannot tell how we ourselves would react if we were stripped completely of all the material, intellectual, cultural and spiritual goods which we take for granted. (Our home, our parish church, our rosary beads, our books.) If like Job we were reduced to nothingness could we say: "Though He should slay me, yet will I trust Him"? Naked hope is a strong, sturdy reliance on God alone, and in our lives we cannot make it depend on fancy dress.

It seems to me that many of us who yearn for a Christian renewal have unconsciously projected our own ideas onto God and have drawn up a definite list of requirements which must be met if His kingdom is to come on earth. We place our hopes in projects and movements which are undoubtedly good in themselves but which God could very well do without. If a pet project fails we doubt that He has His own interests (for His glory through our apostolate) at heart as much as we do ourselves. Of course we don't say this, but our reaction of discouragement proves this is our feeling. Instead of viewing the failure of an apostolic enterprise as an occasion to exercise greater trust in the Providence of God, we make of it a psychological road-block in the way of perfection.

Even if our life's work, which we sincerely believed was for His glory, should fail, we have no reason to despair. For our hope is based on Him, not on the goods of the earth which He

has created, nor on the spiritual good which with His help we had hoped to accomplish.

Hope in People

It is an odd thing that is characteristic of our day that, as a people, while we put our trust in things we view one another with distrust. This is in a sense to be expected: the miser who is obsessed with his possessions would naturally view everyone who comes within sight of his house as a potential thief. It is understandable that men who strive to make money rather than to exercise charity should suspect every beggar of being a fraud. The more we value and trust in material things the more we distrust other men, because they always stand as a possible threat to the fulfillment of our hopes.

But what of those of us who are sincerely striving to put all our hopes in God—are we to hope in people?

In a relative sense, yes. Just as in a relative sense we take the temporal goods Providence has given us and put a reliance on them to help us to work out our eternal destiny. But our trust in things can never be absolute and neither can our trust in people. It would be presumption to think that we could work out our salvation alone; normally other people are God's instruments to help us along the way to Heaven. In that sense we need them.

But we show that we are hoping in them for themselves and expecting a good from them which can only be found in God if we are always being disillusioned and disheartened by the actions of people. There have been those who despaired of the goodness of God because of the evil actions of men—the cruelty of nazis and of communists, the dishonesty of Catholic politicians. Yet our hope in the goodness of God is not to be shaken because of the sins of men.

Sometimes it is not the sight of the sins of bad people which discourages us so much as the glimpse we get of the evil in the hearts of the good. Yet if we see the true picture of things there is no need to become depressed or shaken in our hope for the coming of God's Kingdom just because we find that the people who are in the forefront have clay feet. Christ did not give up His hopes for His Church just because its head denied Him, nor did He yield to despair because His chosen apostles proved too cowardly to watch Him die on the Cross. He gave us the example of hope in His Heavenly Father and not in the goodness of men.

For the young especially it is hard not to be discouraged by "the evil that is in man." The member of an apostolic group looks to the leader, the zealous followers look to a pioneer spokes-

an for a Christian renewal, and they are likely to get upset and confused when they see that their hero, their inspirer, the one who made them see the practical implications of the doctrine of Christ, as subject to petty vanity, to a hidden materialism, is as sensitive to criticism and as *small* as everybody else. "If people who are supposed to be good Christians are like that we might as well give up in disgust."

But no, it is in God's goodness, not in man's that we hope. It is true that normally most of us can keep the image of Christ before us more readily if we see Him clearly reflected in particular persons. But for the purification of our hope He must withdraw from too great a reliance on people. He must teach us that He alone is our expectation, He alone knows our needs and can fulfill them.

It is a hard lesson to learn, and to learn it there must be years of pain. "No one is good save God only." The sins and shortcomings of men are not to shake our confidence in God but to increase it.

The oldsters who counsel "Trust nobody" often do so because they have been embittered by the evil in men. But this will never be the reaction of those who strive to put their hope in God while He is purifying them from too great a trust in men. Their hearts will be no bitterness.

It is paradoxical, but in the measure that we trust God we can then trust men. For if our hope rests securely in God it will not be broken by anything men can do. We have no need to draw back into our shell for fear that any man can hurt us or deprive us of the good for which we strive. Realizing their limitations we can still trust men, for along with learning that no one is good save God only," we have learned that "Of His goodness we have all received," and we thank Him and see in the faults of men proof that He wills us all to come to rest in Him.

Hope in Ourselves

If excessive reliance on material things and dependence on people mar the purity and strength of our hope, nothing crowds out hope in God so much as hope in ourselves. Often we don't realize that when we think we are trusting in God we really are trusting in ourselves, in our own goodness, our own power. It is only when failure, contradictions, sufferings and disappointments crowd our days and we find ourselves drained of strength and lacking in all resources, that we discover how much of our hope is a pretense. Like the Pharisee we stood before God confident of our own virtue, sure of the future because we were sure of

ourselves. The testimony of a good conscience was for us a matter of complacency; our ability to do good deeds with alacrity was all the proof we needed that Heaven was just around the next bend in the road. Never in our hearts did we doubt our worthiness to enter into eternal life.

But now the Providence of God allows all our hidden faults to come to view. Our friends are shocked by their glare, but not as shocked as we are. The external failures and our obvious inadequacies are only the half of it. What is far worse is that God seems to be doing a thorough job of house-cleaning in our soul and is stirring up all the dust we thought we had successfully hidden. Before our eyes He lays bare our miseries which we never suspected had existed. What we thought was a well-stocked larder of virtues proves to be in us a cupboard of pathetic bareness. Not daring to behold the emptiness of our souls we turn away on the verge of despair. For now we have slid all the way down from the heights of presumption to the depths of disgust.

Yet this is the hour above all "when our redemption is at hand." For now we realize at last our need for mercy, and we never realized it before. Now we are ready to seek God and come before His face—not because we are good but because we are learning at last that He is good.

Did you ever as a child break your leg and then after weeks of having it in a cast learn how to walk again? There was a thrill about it, a joy, a sense of humility and gratitude. "Look. I can walk again."

There is something akin to that in the soul after God has given it a thorough drubbing. After beholding its misery and sickness, and being condemned to watch helplessly while God shows it its powerlessness to do anything of good, when He at last gives it the grace to perform some little act of virtue, it is thrilled with delight. It can walk again, but the soul knows now that all is His doing. He is the reason for confidence, for hope, and we hope in Him not because we are good, but because He is good.

The Cultivation of Hope

However, we should not wait for some great exterior misfortune or painful interior trial to teach us how to hope. Hope should be a matter for daily cultivation. How many of us make an act of hope each day, acknowledging that our happiness and our expectation of eternal bliss depend on Him?

Whether we are conscious of it or not His Providence is working in our lives. Daily He is giving us the means to travel

oward the goal for which we long. But how much faster would be our journeying if after admitting that "Our salvation is in His hands," we abandoned ourselves to His Providence! A half-hearted trust holds us back from God. An attitude of "I hope that You will give me Heaven, but I want to travel along a well-lit road," will make our journey many times as difficult. If we realize that it is only of His goodness that He gives us the hope of Heaven, can we doubt that He will select for us the best way of getting there? What difference if the road is hidden in darkness, or that it is rough, or that there are many tortuous turns whose purpose we cannot see? We can do nothing better than to surrender ourselves to His Providence, to let ourselves be guided by His hands.

But if abandonment to Divine Providence is to be a reality in our lives we have to practice it daily. We can cultivate trust in and through *little things* if we remember that they are all part of a providential plan. "This (this headache, this expected letter which hasn't come, this petty misunderstanding) is part of God's way of working out my salvation. To me so much of my day may seem a waste, but in His plan it is all supposed to add up."

It would be foolhardy to dare to hope that we would not yield to despair if we are ever compelled to suffer the hardships of the refugees and outcasts, when we freely yield to discouragement in little things. If we cannot continue to hope just because the ordinary occurrences of life don't go as we wish, how can we think to hope when the whole pattern of our lives is wrecked? That is why for the cultivation of hope, abandonment to Providence always and in all things is our greatest asset. We should be eager to put our future in His hands. But abandonment is quietistic and hope falls into presumption if the entrusting of our future to God is not accompanied by fidelity to duty, to the demands of His Will as they are revealed at every moment.

For those of us who are naturally melancholic it is hard to "cast our care upon the Lord," to trust all our worries and the working out of all our problems to His Providence. But for that very reason abandonment should be our special practice, and hope our favorite virtue. One way of cultivating it might be every night deliberately to put our worries from us, and try to become like Hope, who, as Peguy tells us, "is the little girl who goes to bed every night and sleeps well." We can relax and be secure, for our Father is watching us.

To cultivate a hopeful attitude toward life we have to learn to look at everything with what Father Garrigou-Lagrange calls

a Christian realism. A lot of us who are trying to form a Christian conscience suddenly find ourselves aware of the immense evil in the world. On every side we see evidences of man's hatred of God. We are aware of terrific injustices, of diabolic crimes and inhuman persecution, and all in all, to us the world is shrouded in gloom. We are discouraged by what we see and are inclined to take a dim view of the future of mankind. But that is only looking at one side of the picture. As Father Garrigou-Lagrange tells us, the world is at the same time much worse and much better than we think. The infinite value of Christ's offering Himself in the Mass more than outweighs all the evil in the world. It might be a practical way for us to grow in hope if every time we hear of some great calamity or some terrible sin, we remember the Mass we helped to offer that morning and make an act of hope in the Victim Who truly takes away the sins of the world.

Trusting in Christ, we turn also to Mary whom we hail as "our life, our sweetness, and our hope." With her Son she has borne the sorrows of humanity, and had to endure the three hours on Calvary when the earth was shrouded in darkness and her hope was tried beyond the limit expected of any other human being. With Christ, she conquered despair. From her we can learn how to hope.

When we are struggling against discouragement, it might be good to remind ourselves that ours is not an unrequited love. The thought of God's immense love for us cannot fail to stimulate our trust in Him. It is true that hope precedes charity in the order of generation, but love of God gives us increased confidence in hoping in Him. The more we grow in love, the more we grow in intimacy and toward union with Him, the easier it becomes for us to have a strong, certain hope. How can we doubt that He will draw us to Himself when He loves us so dearly?

Hope is a supernatural virtue, but we practice it in a natural setting, in our family, in the home. To facilitate the practice of hope we should aim for an atmosphere of tranquillity, of confidence, of joy. It is hard for the children to develop trust in God if to their parents life is just a bowl of worries. Freedom from anxiety, emotional security (which, by the way, does not depend on material security, and can exist without it) and an atmosphere that is free from tension, are the natural accomplishments and blessed results of a living hope in God and of relaxation in the arms of Providence

Salvation of the Nations

God is not only our individual hope, but the hope of man-

kind as well. We can trust in Christ's promise that the Church will last until the end of time, continuing to bring forth children for Heaven. We hope not just for our individual salvation but for the upbuilding and increase of the whole Mystical Body.

Recognizing Christ as our Savior, as the Salvation of the Nations, we trust that His Blood will be of avail for the men whom He has redeemed. It is acting as if the Redemption never happened and that the Devil is still master of the world to feel that mankind is all hopelessly lost. One of the most consoling writings for the Christian is Saint John's Apocalypse. There is a thrill in the part that is read as the Epistle for the Feast of All Saints: "After this, I saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb." For them the Redemption has not been in vain; they put their hope in Christ and have won eternal happiness. No people, no race, no nation lies out of the bounds of His love or is off-limits for His mercy. For all, Christ continues to offer Himself to His Father, and it is with the knowledge that He continues to make intercession for us that we dare to hope.

A Postscript

And now at the end of this article I feel that despite my efforts I haven't done justice to hope. I have talked of all the difficulties of life that it must face. I have mentioned a little about how it is purified and how it can be cultivated, but how little I have been able to convey its value, its beauty, its gladness. Like other great gifts of God He alone can appreciate its worth.

Even by nature we are drawn to God, and even in the heart of the most sinful man lies hidden the dream of some gigantic happiness. Hope is more than a dream. It is a reality.

Hope assures us that this life we are living is a story with a happy ending.

DOROTHY DOHEN

Hope and Despair

For the past few centuries the world has been drifting more and more away from God. The movement began with rationalism, which placed human reason on the pedestal of God. From rationalism it passed on swiftly to positivism, exalting the senses over reason. At last it has plunged humanity headlong into the limestone lake of materialism, in which not only reason but also the senses are drowned. Now things have come to a head, and we find ourselves, in this middle part of the twentieth century, in the most critical of crises history has yet known. As the present Pope, Pius XII, has said in *Evangelii Praecones*, "You are well aware that almost the whole human race is today allowing itself to be driven into two opposing camps: for Christ and against Christ. The human race is involved today in a supreme crisis which will issue in its salvation by Christ, or in its utter destruction."

Many of us are being tempted to despair. They say, "Who will show good things to us?" Times like these bring to mind the words of Christ: "And because iniquity hath abounded, the charity of many shall grow cold" (Matt. 24, 12). But He has also said to us, "In the world you will have distress. But have confidence. I have overcome the world."

Uniting Our Crosses With Christ's Cross

We are on the brink of despair, because we have set our hope on the wrong persons, that is, on ourselves. God has permitted this to happen because He wants to cure us completely from the cancer of self-complacency so as to induce us to have confidence in Him and in Him alone. Christ says to us, "Without Me you can do nothing." These words must not be understood as a mere abstract proposition; they must not only pervade our consciousness but permeate our subconscious regions so as to become a part of our living experience. As soon as we are emptied of ourselves we shall be filled with God, filled to overflowing with the Holy Spirit. But in order that we may be emptied "bottoms up," we have to go through a period of passive purification which may be called the baptism of fire. Just as the gold has to be tried many times in the furnace, so our souls have to be purified from all dross in the divine crucible. If we understand the love that motivates God in sending afflictions and trials, we should accept them not only with patience but with unspeakable gratitude. And if we would only unite our little crosses with the big Cross of Christ, they will acquire a significance beyond human

conception. As Saint Peter has put it so neatly, "Beloved, do not be startled at the trial of fire that is taking place among you to prove you, as if something strange were happening to you; but rejoice, insofar as you are partakers of the sufferings of Christ, that you may also rejoice with exultation in the revelation of His glory" (1 Peter, 4. 12-13).

Purgatory Here or Hereafter

In a period of crisis such as this we should, of course, be alerted and try to do our best. But we should not be disturbed, and even if we are disturbed somewhat, which after all is quite natural, we need not be disturbed over our disturbance. We should remember that spiritual life is a continual warfare, irrespective of external conditions. Even if we were living in a golden age of human history the gold within us would have to be tried by fire in any case. Life is at best a prelude to Heaven. We must spend our purgatory either here or hereafter. There is absolutely no other way to Heaven than the way of the cross and there is no way of reaching the fountain of living water except through the desolation of Gethsemani. We are not greater than our Master or His saints; and if He and they have taken this road, we should do well in following Him and them step by step with as much cheerfulness as we can muster within us. Furthermore, Christ Himself will help us bear our cross. This is why he says, "For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light" (Matt. 11, 30). It was neither easy nor light for Him because He had nobody to help Him. It will be easy and light for us since we can count on His help.

We are, indeed, living in an age of wars and rumors of wars. It seems as though the angels with seven trumpets are blowing them pretty hard. During the last war, whenever the Japanese bombers came I was reminded of the locusts of Saint John's Apocalypse: "And they had breastplates as the breastplates of iron, and the noise of their wings was the noise of chariots and many horses running to battle. And they had tails like to scorpions, and there were stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt men five months" (Chapter 11). Even now we are still in the midst of endless woes, so that we can say, "One woe is past, and behold there come yet two woes more hereafter" (*Ibid.* 11, 12). But it is especially in an age like this that our faith, our hope and our love are put to the test and stimulated to grow more quickly and intensely than in ordinary times. Christ is saying to every one of us, "It is I. Fear ye not." And we should at least answer, "Lord, I fear not; but increase my courage." We may say this in time of

danger, although our knees may be trembling and our teeth chattering. I have learned this prayer from the father of the possessed boy (Mark, 9. 13-26) who said to Christ, "I do believe; help my unbelief." In fact, we can also say, "I do love; help my coldness"; and "I do hope; help my hopelessness."

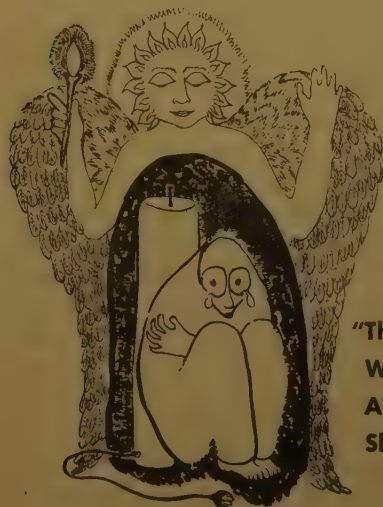
With Christ, Peace Even in War

Christ is all in all. With Christ, there is peace even in war. Without Christ there is war even in peace. With Christ, adversity is sweet. Without Christ, prosperity is husks for the swine. With Christ, the simple are wise. Without Christ, the "educated" are fools. With Christ, death is life. Without Christ, life is death. With Christ, the more hopeless, the more hopeful. Without Christ, the more hopeful, the more hopeless.

The external troubles of the world are only a reflection of the interior disorders of our souls. Instead of seeking first the kingdom of Heaven within us, we try to build a kingdom of heaven outside of us. Before we have found the peace that only Christ can give, we try to give peace to the world. As if one would give something which one does not possess!

The present Vicar of Christ, in his *Summi Pontificatus*, said, "What age has been, for all its technical and purely civic progress, more tormented than ours by spiritual emptiness, and deep-felt interior poverty?" The recognition of our utter poverty in spite of our material riches is the beginning of hope.

DR. JOHN C. H. WU



DESPAIR

"The current's failed, how dark it is!"
We wring our hands and moan—
As though we thought our candle
Should light itself alone.

Optimism

Some people are optimistic by temperament, which means they have a natural disposition to look on the brightest side of things. In its extreme form this characteristic is light-hearted and superficial to the point of irresponsibility, never discerning obstacles, always disregarding the handwriting on the wall and the shadow of unpleasant things to come. People of an ultra cheerful turn of mind were as sure that Hitler would never gain control of Germany as they are that it is foolish to worry about the centralization of power in the welfare state, and that, in general, "it can't happen here." But perhaps I have already gone beyond the marks of the optimistic *temperament*, which is usually a blessing to oneself and one's associates, especially in the social sphere, to the optimist *creed*, which is not necessarily an out-growth of the temperament. The optimist creed is not a good thing. It holds that everything is ordered to the best in this best of all possible worlds, and, by an implicit denial of Original Sin, blithely trusts in the goodwill, and indeed goodness, of all men.

The Optimist Creed

We see the optimist creed today on two different levels. On the superficial level it is characteristically American and materialistic, but in a naive way. It is the cult of cheerfulness for its own sake. It brought in the era of the joke teller. It is responsible for the optimist clubs where men group together to reassure each other that business will be good and to exchange funny stories.

Because we Americans have a background of this sort of thing, we can easily slip into a much more dangerous type of optimism without being fully aware of what is happening. We can go from looking on the bright side of things to thinking that we can redeem the world and dry all its tears by the proper use of material things.

For this is precisely the new religion which is on the horizon, the global redemption of mankind by man through industry and science. It is the convergence of secularism, materialism and optimism.

Tomorrow shall the iniquity of the earth be abolished, says the gradual for the Vigil of Christmas, and then adds, *and the Savior of the world shall reign over us*.

Now the first part of this is precisely what is being said by the new type of glorified materialism and humanism. *Tomorrow shall the iniquity of the earth be abolished*. These complete athe-

ists do not go on to say "and a new world tyrant (perhaps anti-Christ?) will rule over us." But they might as well have said it.

This hope of a temporal, secular redemption is the heart of the communist message, but it is also commonly held by the new liberals and in varying degrees by all those who are expecting to create a better world without reference to morality or grace. It is also held with modifications and inconsistencies by not a few Catholics. It is the most seductive, and it will soon be the most pervasive philosophy, or rather theology, we have seen in a long time. It is the official dogma in quite well-rounded form of the Unesco division of the United Nations.

The Doctrine

Tomorrow shall the iniquity of the earth be abolished. The new secularism can be best understood as a caricature of this holy promise. It is a false redemption, but a promise of redemption.

First of all it promises to deliver us from our sins by removing the causes of sin. The causes of sin (which is not called sin of course), according to this doctrine, lie in a bad ordering of the world, or for the person, in a bad orientation of life. The re-ordering of the world is now taking place, and will be accomplished chiefly through technology which will relieve poverty, disease, want, etc. By scientific birth control, synchronized with scientific farming and industry, controlled by scientific distribution of produce, living standards everywhere will be equalized and raised. We can even hope that "technology for all its perils, has the power to increase wealth, to provide food for starving populations and in the end to reduce and *perhaps abolish social inequality*. This is a process that no sane man would wish to stop. Nor can it be stopped."

This quotation is from an Unesco broadcast commemorating the third anniversary of the Human Rights Declaration of the United Nations. Note that it is axiomatic that it is a good thing to abolish social inequality. This is the UN version of the Marxist classless society. With the advent of classlessness is expected a disappearance of greed, avarice, hatred and all the rest of men's vices, because the atheists regard these faults as provoked entirely by outward circumstance. As a matter of fact, virtually the opposite is true. Sins come from the will of man and have to be corrected there. Outward circumstances can and do aggravate and increase them, but not always or necessarily. In the wider perspective it is not so true that bad conditions make men bad, as it is true that bad men bring about bad conditions. Both social and moral changes are necessary, but they should go together

with the emphasis on, and hope in, the moral rectification. I need not point out to the readers of *Integrity* that a classless society is in any case not the desideratum of a Christian social order and should it arrive, it would in fact have terrible consequences, since it does not correspond with the order of nature. The materialists' hope in this regard is simply superstition.

Let us look at another part of that quotation. It is held that the classless millenium will be brought about by technology. Now it is true that technology has a leveling effect on society but only in that it makes men more alike as it makes them less like men. It is not true that technology creates a community of love. Power and money hierarchies flourish more readily in factories and bureaucracies than ever they did in aristocracies. Here again the promise of redemption reduces to mere words. The end and the means are not merely disproportionate, they are unrelated.

One more factor must be mentioned in this central false promise: *Tomorrow shall the iniquity of the earth be abolished*. As far as persons are concerned, materialistic psychiatry will do for them what technology promises to do for the masses of men. It will remove the obstacles to the natural flow of goodness in the individual. Here we see clearly how optimism carries over into this false hope. The materialists are determinists. They pretend not to believe in good or evil since they do not believe in free will, but nevertheless they do implicitly believe that progress tends toward a beatitude of sorts and that human beings are essentially saintless and benevolent.

Heaven on Earth

This article does not pretend to be a full analysis of the secular synthesis. We have discussed it before and we shall discuss it again. Here I am only concerned to show certain characteristic fallacies in its reasoning.

I can't help mentioning the subject of peace. Mrs. Roosevelt said the other day on the radio in Paris that the Human Rights program will bring peace, because nothing is so destructive of Human Rights as war, so any effort to promote human rights will be a step in the direction of permanent peace. The reader can have his own fun disentangling the logic of this statement.

Peace is the tranquility of order. The only order that can be tranquil is the one God ordained for the universe. There is regimentation that looks like order but is only uniformity and which, temporarily only, suppresses the passion of mankind. There is a kind of apathy that looks like tranquility but usually makes no pretense of seeming ordered.

Death looks like peace too. If secularists are successful this is probably the caricature of peace that they will achieve.

Besides peace, happiness is also promised modern man in the shining vision of a technological future. He will be happy because he will have a high standard of living, comfort, food and gadgets. This proposition can easily be refuted from our own personal experience, or Saint Thomas' inquiry into what makes men happy. However, it does suggest certain things about the way men have been deceived into vain hopes, and it might be useful to consider these.

How to Create False Hope

A friend once told me that almost all his adult life his work had been harried by financial difficulties and that he had dreamed of the bliss that would come of solvency and a well-ordered money life. Then it finally came about. "Do you know what it feels like?" he said. "Like nothing. It is the absence of feeling."

Herein lies an important truth. It is men who are sick who pin their hopes on health, men who are hungry who dream dreams of food, men who are bitterly and a long time cold who are ready to worship fire, men who are crippled who dream of walking, men thirsting who appreciate water, men suffocating who discover the rare value of air.

Chesterton said that we ought not to take so for granted the wonder of having legs or the miracle of speech, and this is true in a certain sense. But it is also true that these things are part of the normal equipment of men and that men are made to know, love and serve God, not to sit around glorying in ankles or ozone. Not that Chesterton meant that they should, but the evil genius behind what is happening to the world now has found that by depriving masses of men of the simplest necessities of life (thus bringing to their concentrated attention and longing what they would ordinarily take for granted), men can be made to forget about their eternal destiny and even their intellectual and aesthetic ambitions, and will pin their hopes on something materialistic.

Men could never have been brought to look for their redemption in the material order unless there had first been great material disorder and deprivation. This is the secret of the communist successes during hard times. This is, in fact, why the communists create hard times where they do not already exist. Since the secular heaven is a this-world heaven, it is important to *diminish* man's universe. But man is made for God and yearns for Him. Take away, therefore, some normal part of a man's equipment, a roof over his head, or a job, or his daily bread, so that he will be

acutely aware of what's missing, and he will forget about the higher things.

But food in your belly feels like nothing. It makes you forget your stomach. Health is a state of not noticing the body. The absence of a house is painful, but the presence of a house makes you forget about houses. Once a man has these basic necessities he again feels unhappy. They have not made him happy. They have just relieved a pain which shouldn't have been there in the first place.

The Fallacy in American Benevolence

Americans could learn a lesson from this in various fields. We spend billions of dollars helping starving and ill-clothed people in order to seduce them away from the communist ideology. Then we are surprised that we have not bought their loyalty for American ideals. But food and clothing will only take away a certain pain. They do not give meaning to life and American ideals are so nebulous at the moment that they amount to saying this: "A certain material standard of living will give meaning to life." But it will not, and the communists have a more dynamic, if erroneous, ideology to offer.

Or again, the laboring classes were discontent *and* economically exploited. We have made the mistake of thinking that higher wages and other purely material concessions would satisfy the workers, whereas as a matter of fact, it has made them more dissatisfied because they no longer have to waste time thinking how they will eat and if they will hold their jobs. In short, you cannot satisfy a spiritual hunger with material food.

The Catholic Involvement

Not a few Catholic minds have been sucked into the optimist pattern of thinking. This is not to be wondered, because in its extreme form the thesis is very dynamic. It has borrowed an apocalyptic aura from a nearly forgotten Christianity.

The key point is technology, for that is the means, the almost mystical means, by which the global paradise will be achieved. Beware then, of Catholics who, brushing aside certain grave ill-effects of a technological society, glow with enthusiasm for the new world which they expect to follow as the direct result of greater and more comprehensive technology.

The late French personalist, Emmanuel Mounier, is an outstanding example. He was a man of apparently great good will who became so sympathetic with the communists that he began to share their materialistic vision. In a recently published book of

his articles he deals confusedly, but at length, with machine civilization. One thing is clear; he is very optimistic about the future, on the *basis of the promises of technology*. Hear him:

"We have still to ask whether the total effect of a machine civilization, once its teething troubles are over, is not in the last resort of capital importance to the ethical development of humanity and whether it is not, for a great number, an indispensable condition to the exercise of a really human existence" (p. 35).

Mounier thought that technology represents the advent of *maturity* in human progress. Instead of being at the mercy of nature, and subject to its rhythm, man is to be *liberated* from the natural law and from the natural rhythm, to make new laws and a new rhythm. Work is to become effortless and since God, according to Mounier, put a curse on man's work purely vindictively, it is right, just and clever that man should at last succeed in freeing himself from the hardship of toil. Mounier went so far as to compare the experts awaiting the results of the first atom bomb experiment in New Mexico to the medieval knight on the eve of his consecration, because the moment of the minority of man was ending and he was to become "within the limits of his range, the master of creation" (p. 23).

So far as I have seen, no one has ever successfully explained away the dehumanizing effects of machine-tending on man. The indisputable fact of dehumanization stands unanswerably in the path of the Christian embrace of a technological society. But Mounier sweeps away this obstacle in one fantastic gesture. He says that after all we've been a long time in the so-called natural order, who knows but that in another 200,000 years we won't feel differently about the rhythm of the machine?

As even Leslie Paul, who did the foreword to this book, points out, Mounier was very close to Pelagianism and almost one with Marxism. Yet he wanted to keep his faith and to reconcile his faith with the new machine society. Had he been more clear and logical in his writing he might have realized the fundamental contradiction in which he was involved.

To a lesser degree many Catholic thinkers are attempting exactly what Mounier attempted.

New Life, a monthly magazine published by the English Young Christian Worker priests recently carried an article on *The Church and the Social Problem* by Very Rev. A. Dondeyne of Louvain University. I think it is not wrong to assume that the reasoning in this article is fairly representative of Jocist thinking about technology.

Msgr. Dondeyne starts by admitting the secular thesis that "viewed on the world scale and in its main lines, the history of civilization is basically the history of the progressive emancipation [from matter] of man and mankind." In fact, "the ultimate meaning of history is the history of man's progressive liberation." He goes on to say that the emancipation of man and mankind depends on three factors: "The progress of positive science and industrial technique, a more genuine recognition of man by man, and the education of man."

A little further on he says, "the workman . . . knows that modern industry has the capacity of assuring the mass of people a more truly human existence." And still further on,

"At bottom, what is happening now is that mankind has realized that modern technical methods offer, or will offer in the near future, sufficiently developed possibilities to ensure the whole of mankind a more human existence consonant with man's dignity. For the first time in history, *the idea has arisen that access to the benefits of civilization and culture is possible for great numbers of people.* [His italics.] A mass liberation of the human person is no longer considered a utopian vision, and it figures on a programme drawn up for fulfillment relatively soon in the future."

This is enough to show the thesis. Note that it is the *emancipation* not the *salvation* of mankind which is taken as fundamental to history and that this must be a material emancipation, freeing from the natural order and rhythm of the universe, since positive science and industrial technique have finally made it possible. It promises to make, not saints, but truly human people and truly human people are, by inference, consumers. They are not people who will work creatively or holily, however humbly. They are not people who will determine their own work and follow their own bent. They are tenders of machines whose glory will be in the fact that they will be able to possess all the materially good things the machines will make.

Now I submit that this is not only to expect something from technology which technology will not, in fact, fulfill, but that the goal itself is a wrong goal entirely, not only irrelevant to, but inimical to, the Christian vision.

Optimism and Hope

The problem that we are involved in here is not the problem of whether machinery is good or bad in itself. It has nothing to do with a desire to go back to cave dwelling or wooden plows. The question is: shall we put our *hope* in technology, or shall we

put our hope where it belongs, in Christ, and let machines fall into their own relatively unimportant place.

If we put our *hope* in technology we shall bring about a world in which technology will absolutely rule us and we shall tremble at the thought of a broken pipe or the exhaustion of the electric power, or the breakdown of some giant machine, as though it would (and in fact it will) have the power to wipe us all out. If we had put our *hope* in a person it would be the same thing, that person would be able by a frown to wreck our happiness. Absolute hope is only rightly placed in God. Whatever we transfer this hope to becomes a god. Seen in this light we can realize that the inevitability of the technological society depends on our secularism and materialism and can be arrested only when we transcend it by placing our hope where it belongs. The new world in the making is only a projection of our own spiritual diseases.

But it is no easy job to convince a materialistic, amoral world that its real trouble is sin and that Christ has redeemed us from sin. It's rather like going to a dying agnostic's bedside. His friends are all saying that he will surely get better, better in fact than ever, that he can have perfect confidence in medical science. And that's precisely what he wants to hear. How difficult it is to say that the *important* thing now is to make peace with God, to repent of one's sins, and yes, death may be near, but is in any case inevitable sometime and it behooves us to turn our eyes heavenward.

The really important thing is the salvation of mankind by Christ and not the emancipation of mankind by technology. To say so is not angelism but is a matter of putting things in their proper order. If we really did so, the world, including the material world, would rock with the consequences. What would a wave of penance do to the economic order? What would the application of the idea of vocation do to dislocate and reorient employment? What would true charity do to international peace? What would moral reform do to politics?

A palsied man was brought to Jesus to be cured of palsy and He said, "Son, thy sins are forgiven." Now the Jews were the opposite of us. They thought it blasphemy to forgive sins but possible to heal miraculously. Whereas we take for granted the absolution and consider the other hard. Maybe only after we fail to heal our own palsy, will we come asking God for a miracle in the material order. What mercy it will be if then we are absolved instead. Taking up our beds and walking will be an anticlimax.

PETER MICHAELS

The Challenge of Melancholy

Sadness is a mental experience which always follows when something good and worthy of love is withdrawn from us. Melancholy is the hangover of sadness. It is less poignant but more diffuse, harder to comprehend because its causes are more remote. It is also more personal than sadness; one can be sad for others but nearly always melancholic for oneself.

Melancholy, then, is a mood, and a mood which very often contains an element of self-reproach. It is this element which distinguishes it from depression. In depression a person does not reproach himself so much as condemn himself. In its extreme form depression may lead to suicide. Thus the distinction between melancholy and depression is the distinction between Peter and Paul.

Since melancholy is nearly always personal it can be said that the melancholic man can love himself neither positively nor negatively while the mood is upon him. Positive love is an obligation of charity which bids us not only to love our neighbor but also to love ourselves. This normal attitude of self-regard is necessary. But if positive love of oneself becomes not self-regard but self-worship then such love is pathological. The opposite of self-worship or exaltation is self-repudiation or extreme depression. Here the will is turned back on the person with negative love or hatred. Depression or exaltation are synonyms for despair and presumption. But we are, of course, talking about extremes.

Sad Sea of Indifference

Melancholy is midway between abnormal self-repudiation and normal self-regard. It is poised between the polarity of negative and positive love. If the needle swings to the left a man hates himself; if it goes to the right he recaptures love for himself; but while he is melancholy he is becalmed in the sad sea of indifference. As such he is interesting to nobody and least of all to himself. Love and hatred of himself are of equal moments so that he is balanced in sad boredom, gripped by inertia as if he were in a cage on a Coney Island wheel suspended between Heaven and Hell.

Every man has one of four basic attitudes to himself at any unconscious moment. He loves himself in charity; loathes himself in despair; exalts himself in presumption; is indifferent toward himself in melancholy. Melancholy, of course, is for many people a mood and for a few it is a state, but even if it is a state it once began as moods which coalesced and constituted eventually the

melancholic condition. The mood may be set by physical factors such as illness, or by hereditary factors such as temperament. A melancholic temperament means that those people who have it will have their mental outlook tempered by sadness. But temperament is not government. Such people need not be melancholic; they only have a tendency that way, and they need not be governed by the tendency.

The Value of Melancholy

We can now ask not what melancholy is, or how melancholy came, or when will it depart, but what melancholy means. What is its function, if it has a function—what is its use, its value? The value of melancholy is the value of a medicine. It is not nice to take, but what it means if it is deep is that our power of love is not being rightly exercised. It is on the wrong object or on an object beneath it or above it and the total personality reacts by inertia of the will and numbness of the heart.

In this sense melancholy is a challenge to a new integration or disintegration of the personality. We can see this if we examine some of the ways in which melancholy descends on people.

In the first place it is possible to spend a sizeable part of one's life giving way all along the line to one's instinctive tendencies. These may be the dominant things in a man's behavior. He can do other things, and he does do other things but his release of instinct is primary and it is his main dynamic. His instinctive drives have never been canalized, never integrated into the structure of the total personality. They are not governed by reason and by charity, they have an existence on their own. They stockpile and explode, wax and wane in a dark rhythm. The man lives in endless puberty; every week-end is a lost one; every meal might be his last. At odd times melancholy will arrest his roving eye or still his restless heart. There might be the frozen revulsion of a hangover; the inertia after being violently sick. His physical forces may be waning. His melancholy throbs like a slackened drum and tells him that this is a moment of truth. The needle of the will must move positively and he must learn self-regard. If it moves negatively his self-worship will work his destruction.

Secondly people may live not so much at this instinctive level as at the level of being in immediate contact with material objects around them. They love themselves in the things they achieve—social advancement, position in the firm, higher salary, the success of their children. These objects encircle them and they will not go beyond the perimeter. At times melancholy catches up on them too. The salt of business loves its savor for a time. Keeping

t of the red is no longer an adventure; the hum of ceaseless activity drops an octave; their duodenums start protesting and they wonder why.

They are reacting to a feeling of absence of true purpose and meaning in their lives. Melancholy accompanies a temporary conviction that their world is not as solid as they thought. The rather narrow world in which they live is still a symbol of God. They may not realize their need for God; they realize that reality is cardboard thin, made of parts and ready to fall apart. Their melancholy bids them go to the true reality behind the symbol. This is the warning of the spirit, the cry of the soul crushed by the pressures of the world. For the moment paint peels off some Utopia, the will is poised and waits, the mind stands at a forked path and they go to a night-club or for a week-end in the country.

What Melancholy Means

The trouble is that we do not ask ourselves what our melancholy means. It is only something to be got rid of like a pain in the tooth, to be endured like a boil on the neck. There are scores of examples of it—home-sickness in the boy at school; the onset of the menses in a girl; the feeling of the jilted lover; the death of a parent; the discovery of a man that he is impotent; of a woman that she is sterile; the loss of the first child; a miscarriage. Melancholy accompanies all these things. It means that a fresh adaptation to life is necessary. The schoolboy must grow up away from the protection of the mother. The girl must accept womanhood; the lover must remember that God is love, and so on. Melancholy is the heavy prologue to progress or regress in every new and significant situation.

Two special examples may be taken for more detailed treatment. One is menopausal melancholy. The other is melancholy following death of a child in pregnancy.

Menopausal Melancholy

The menopause is a trial for some women in middle life. Physiologically it is a time when a woman's hormonal balance is upset, when her periods begin to fall irregularly and then to cease. Psychologically she is or may be, subject to emotional ups and downs, instability, depression, melancholy, eroticism, irritability, aggressiveness, violence and hysteria. Such qualities need not appear in every menopause, and if they do, they will vary in intensity from person to person. Sometimes they will be so faint as to be unnoticeable and sometimes they will not appear at all. Even if they do they will not be permanent, but while they do they will be a great nuisance to the subject.

The depressive phase is marked by some self-aggression, and if it is very bad (and it is not often very bad) the subject may experience mildly suicidal temptations; but they are temptations and not compulsions. They are transient temptations and they are easily shaken off. The melancholic phase seems to be geared by the realization that the woman is leaving behind her maternal function. She realizes vividly that she will no longer be so attractive to men. Psychologically she wants to cling to what has gone before; biologically the process goes inexorably forward. It is a new situation. She must accept a new role, love herself in a new way, make a fresh adaptation. Hence the melancholy and the inertia. She is being pulled forward and is looking backward over her shoulder. But it is only for a short time.

What should guide her is the realization that the process is temporary, that its effects have been greatly exaggerated, that a new integration is possible, and that she is as much loved by God as ever before. It must be repeated that this time is not a testing time for all, and those it does test are not tried in the same degree. Certainly for those who are tested comes the possibility of a keener sense of reality, and the possibility of a deeper and nobler sense of love. There is in many women a naive narcissism which is at the base of silks, furs, fashions, powders, hair-do's and the rest. Some of that inverted love might come out in a new way on other women and for others, and the condition could be the menopause.

Melancholy from Miscarriage

Lastly we may notice the melancholy that comes to a woman when a pregnancy miscarries. A woman was referred to the writer by a psychiatrist. She had become pregnant and she was unmarried. She developed mental distress and the psychiatrist recommended therapeutic abortion on the grounds of possible mental disturbance. She had the abortion and was relieved of the social stigma, but she got melancholic instead and this seemed in retrospect far worse than the social consequences.

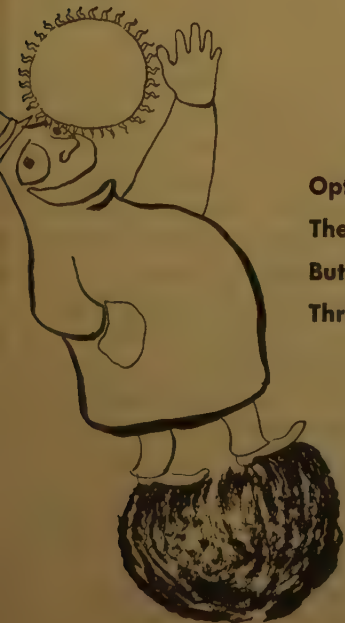
The trouble was this: When pregnancy was diagnosed the thought of consequences drove her into bad hysteria. Her hysteria was the mechanism by which she secured the abortion. But in the interval between diagnosis of pregnancy and murder of the foetus her maternal instinct was aroused. It always is as a pregnancy develops. This was outraged in the abortion and she was left in psychic mid-air so to speak between the hell of the social consequences which she had escaped and the heaven of the child which she had lost. The psychiatrist was melancholy too. He was between the hell of a case he could not crack and the dubious

even of a successful abortion. They were both wise after the event. He should have had his hell and she should have had her heaven. But then it was too late. Both of them knew, however, that in future they must both love a little better. No little innocent ever dies in vain.

We can round this up with one last case. A woman had had some miscarriages and was melancholic because she thought it was a failure as a mother. It appeared that the miscarried children (the miscarriages were late ones) had been baptised. It was pointed out that by her pregnancies the Holy Innocents had gained a few recruits, that God's glory had been served through these souls who were now in Heaven. Even if they had not been baptised it would still be served by the dead unborn in the natural happiness of Limbo.

In the circumstances it seemed the only consolation. In the circumstances it was.

ALAN KEENAN, O.F.M.



CHEER UP

Optimism loudly hails
The cheerful noonday light;
But hope belongs to those who watch
Throughout the silent night.

"A City Called Heaven"

"I heard of a city called Heaven/I started to make it my home."

"With desolation is all the land made desolate because there is no one that considereth in the heart" (Jeremias XII, 11).

Last Sunday I stood with a friend on the sidewalk of a New England village street and watched people enter the clean, graceful, slender-spined church—one of those New England churches whose simple lines blend so harmoniously with the surrounding country. It was a Protestant church. We ourselves had just returned from early Mass. My friend is a European and is keen on noting contrasts between the U.S.A. and the old countries. This time she said: "There isn't really much difference of atmosphere between Protestant and Catholic churches in this country." I asked her to explain what she meant. "People all seem to be in church because it is a *must*," she answered, after a moment's reflection. "I'm sure they are very sincere. They seem pretty well-disciplined; they simply don't seem to have any sense of God's presence, that's all. The Catholic churches are just like the Protestant ones. Religion is just a perfunctory duty, a moral obligation to be fulfilled with a minimum of strain. There is no such thing as the spirit of prayer."

I thought of the stampede to reach the door as soon as Father had disappeared into the sacristy after Mass, not a single communicant besides ourselves remaining in church for thanksgiving. I thought of the other churches I had known in other states—it had been the same story. If someone did remain in church it was to make the Stations of the Cross hurriedly or to recite some very audible vocal prayer before the Child Jesus of Prague. Or perhaps someone said a chaplet but no one seemed to meditate or to be silent.

I remembered the words of a graduate from one of our best known Catholic universities: "Until I made a retreat with—," he named a recent foundation of contemplative monks, "I never knew there existed such a thing as thanksgiving after a communion Mass." No spirit of prayer, no sense of God's presence. "No reverence," a boy told me. He entered a Trappist monastery to find reverence.

Two years ago, I encountered a well-known Religious who had just returned from a few months' visit to various parts of the United States. He admired the organization of the Catholics

church here. "Americans get along better together than we do," he said. "They have more discipline. They are better organized. They understand how to work together." He was impressed by America's vast industrial achievements, its efficiency; he was charmed by American hospitality and kindness. "However," he concluded, "were it not for the interest in contemplative life encountered almost everywhere, I would be pessimistic about the future evolution of America. I would say that she is likely to become a more formidable danger to man's spiritual life than Russia—a perfect, scientifically controlled, soulless, totalitarian regime. My only serious reason for hoping that this will not happen is my interest in the contemplative life."

About six months after I had heard this opinion, I met a Buddhist monk on his way back to Ceylon after an extensive tour of the United States. "I am going to tell my superiors that the future of Buddhism is in the United States," he said. He knew little of the Western world—he had never encountered interest in the contemplative life to such a degree anywhere else.

A Contradiction About Contemplation?

I could continue this list of opinions—but it would be useless. They all fall into one or the other category: astonishment at the complete lack of the contemplative spirit in American life, and more particularly in American Catholicism where its absence is more to be wondered at, or on the other hand, at least equal astonishment aroused by the interest in contemplative life is caused in Catholic, and perhaps even more in non-Catholic circles. These two sets of impressions may strike one at first as contradictory—in reality they are complementary. It is at once true to affirm that American life, and in particular American Catholicism, is singularly un-contemplative, I would even go so far as to say, anti-contemplative. At the same time, the contemporary American scene displays an extraordinary interest in contemplative life. I am not sure, but I do think I am not very far wrong in affirming that this interest is encountered as often among non-Catholics as among Catholics—perhaps more often. In fact, it is a rather sad truth to state that *before* the publication of that epoch-making book *The Seven Storey Mountain* many Catholics, including priests and Religious, seemed to regard contemplatives and contemplative life with very little favor and even with a certain hostility. (This suspicion and this hostility are far from existent today but since Merton has become the foremost literary exponent of American Catholicism, it is no longer quite so easy to attack contemplatives as contemplatives.) Outside the Church,

the non-Catholic had discovered contemplative values before Merton wrote about contemplatives and legitimized contemplative life in Catholic eyes. I know personally a Catholic student who had been a follower of Hindu philosophy and who had turned Catholicism only after discovering the contemplative philosophy and metaphysics of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Probably this case is far from an isolated one.

The school of Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood and Gerald Heard, with their friends and disciples, precedes, in order of time, the Merton revival of interest in the contemplative life. Once again, it seems that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." This article does not pretend however to be a history—even a thumbnail one—of the contemplative revival in the United States or to be an exhaustive analysis of the whys and wherefores of the attitude of American Catholicism toward the contemplative life. We simply look at the scene as it is set at the beginning of the year 1952 and ask ourselves what this interest in the contemplative life may signify and what it promises.

Contemplation as a 'Fad'

We may begin by asking ourselves if this interest in the contemplative life is not just another fad. And I think it would be foolish to deny that a part of the success of Merton's books and of the interest in Trappist monasteries is not partly to be attributed to the interest Americans manifest in anything new—simply because it is new. I have met Americans on their first trip to Paris who seemed to be equally interested in the stained glass windows of La Sainte Chapelle and the night clubs of Montmartre. "How wonderful it must be to be a nun," exclaimed a young lady to a Dominican nun of my acquaintance. A little later on in the day, she said to someone else of a slightly different profession, "How wonderful it must be to be a prize fighter." I imagine that Thomas Merton supplies a thrill which contrasts pleasantly with those provided by Joe Louis—a sort of new taste like a new kind of cocktail or ice cream. A lot of American interest in the contemplative life does, very probably, just boil down to this sort of thing.

The *Time* and *Life* articles which touch on the contemplative Orders may be added to this side of the picture. Yet—I know a boy who has just entered a very strict contemplative Order because he read something about that Order in *Time*. Personally I dislike seeing pictures of canonizations sandwiched between a preview of "The Peep Show" and a slant on the latest fashion

women, but "God moves in a mysterious way" and the Holy Spirit may use the most unlikely means to reach those whose hearts it wishes to enlighten, as when a young man asked for instruction in the Catholic faith after reading a certain passage on mysticism in one of Proust's novels.

The Fidelity of a Casual People

But here we might well raise a second question. American customs and mores being what they are, it is legitimate to ask how persevering are the religious vocations which Merton's books and the *Time* and *Life* articles are bringing to the contemplative Orders. If Americans are, on the whole, a people of fads, the greatest seekers of thrills and new sensations that the world has ever known, they are also, and this is the inevitable consequence of that, a singularly fickle people. Fidelity is, I imagine, at the least of their characteristics. I think that the word "casual" is a typically American word; the attitude it expresses is also very American. We are casual people; sometimes we are quite proud of being so. However our casualness does not particularly help us to be contemplatives, whether within or without the cloister. Fickle, casual people are not persevering. Hundreds, or rather thousands of times, Americans give up a job, a task, a house, a husband, a wife, simply because the first "thrill" being over and boredom having set in, they feel that they must go out and look for someone or something else in order to recapture another thrill." It is not to be wondered at therefore, that if the contemplative Orders in America can be proud of a host of new vocations, the proportion of those who leave the monastery is also very high. I have been told that although their vocations are very numerous, the proportion of those who persevere in the Trappist tradition is only four out of ten. For every ten Americans who enter a Trappist monastery there are six who do not persevere. The American arrives in the novitiate ready for any mortification, humiliation, any trial—provided his acceptance of such yields him quick returns in spiritual consolations and feelings of achievement and peace. When boredom and discouragement set in, or the shadows of the Night of the Senses lie across his path, he gets impatient. "Americans seem strong, but they have no staying power." The American who had been able to compare the staying power of battle-fed and ill-clad European troops with our own over-fed and over-perfected soldiers concluded his survey with the above remark. It seems that what is true on the battlefield may also be true in spiritual combat. The American is a good starter, he is strong in spurts and bounds, but he lacks stamina and staying power.

The other name for staying power in moral and spiritual domains is perseverance and it does not seem that perseverance is more familiar to Americans than fidelity.

Mechanical Appraisals of Life

In a recent cruel, but often very lucid, survey of American life and character, Mr. Geoffrey Gorer remarks that for the American the basic phenomenon which serves as a measuring rod and a comparison for all values is mechanics. The average European views life as a growth, and not only individual life, but the life of institutions, communities, nations. The average American views life itself in terms of mechanical- and machine-made measures. Growth is a slow process, full of unexpected setbacks and comprising periods of what looks like stagnation. For the American who likes to make things look "snappy" growth is something which ought to be reconditioned on the assembly line. More particularly, the slow, deliberate ways of God molding and remolding His contemplatives into the likeness of Christ must seem to the mechanically minded like a sorry waste of time and force. Here again, it seems that the American scene is such that the contemplative life does not have much chance to stay long.

Yet—yet—the contemplative Orders are here amongst us and they are growing and they are expanding and they do seem here to stay. So there must be some reason for hope. Perhaps, we shall look a little closer at what is happening around us, we shall begin to see that our hope lies precisely in our despair.

On the slab that marks the grave of Katherine Mansfield at Fontainebleau are the following words: "But I tell you, my lord, fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

If we replace the word danger with the word despair, and the word safety with hope, we find an epigraph which might serve to characterize the present contemplative revival in America. If you stop and think about it, it is indeed one of the strangest phenomena of modern times, this new flourishing of the most austere Orders of the Church—the contemplatives ones—in a country apparently dedicated to comfortable living and material success. But if we begin to observe more attentively, if we begin to realize that even in this country of apparent success so many people are near to despair, we no longer wonder so much.

What Americans Look For

Some few years ago, I asked a very prominent French philosopher who has been closely acquainted with America for many years what he thought about American materialism of which most

Europeans make so much. He said, "The Americans are not materialists. They are searching more eagerly for the spiritual in any other people I have known." Americans are looking for happiness and inner peace. They probably look for them in the wrong place and in the wrong way most of the time, but they are looking hard all the same. Only think of the success of books which profess to teach or impart either! There is just a chance that when some people have searched long enough and hard enough and have had a certain amount of painful experiences and other disillusionments in the course of their search, they are going to stick to the right thing if they ever do come across it. "I heard of a city called Heaven/ I started to make it my home." Unfortunately, when such people seek guidance in their effort to converse with God, they often find no one. Spiritual direction of those who wish to lead a life of interior prayer is not to be found easily anywhere, but least of all in America. The contemplative revival manifests itself chiefly in this country by the flowering of Trappist monasteries, and the recent beginnings of a Carthusian foundation on American soil is another proof of the interest the religious Orders are awakening, but if the contemplative life is to be more than a passing phase it must also manifest its presence in the lives of lay people and in those of the secular clergy. There cannot be two Catholic Churches in America: the Church of the Trappist, the Carthusian, the Carmelite, with its inner fire of contemplative prayer, and the Church of worldly ecclesiastics, "regular guys" who happen to be Catholic priests, but who are eager to show that it really doesn't make any difference whether they are, diluted doctrine and ersatz Christianity. The link between the great monasteries and the daily bread of every day Catholic life is yet to be made.

Trappist Poverty and Detachment from Money

However American Catholicism would not be American if it were not itself a mass of contrasts. If the contemplative life as it is lived in the monastic orders seems over-austere to most Catholics, there exists also an important, fervent and prayerful minority to whom certain forms of organized contemplative life seem not insufficiently austere, but insufficiently poor. For these people, the first need of American Catholicism is to detach itself from money and they are extremely sensitive to those betrayals of the spirit of poverty of which religious Orders are so often guilty. In view of this attitude, it is a great satisfaction at the present time to visit the recent Carthusian foundation in Vermont. The words "*Superes Christi*" greet the visitor at the very entrance of the old

farm building which is the monks' present abode and these words are in no way belied by the monks' way of living or by the superior's ambition which is for them to remain poor, simple, and truly humble men in the authentic tradition of their Order.

This recent foundation and the continued expansion of Trappist Order, along with the opening of new Carmelite convents in various parts of the country, are the brightest signs of hope on today's horizon.

In his little book *Of Flight and Life* Charles Lindbergh stresses the absolute need for the development in our land of the spirit of humility, silence, recollection, prayer. Unfortunately he concludes that as these things—silence and prayer, humility and recollection—can be found in every religion—are indeed the one thing that matters in every religion—the only wise thing for us to do is to scrap dogma and to build up a syncretist religion outside and above all Churches and all organized religions. Huxley and Gerald Heard and Christopher Isherwood have offered us much the same solution. It is all the more dangerous as it is proposed to a people who are more afraid of dogma than of prayer. It remains for Catholics to take up the challenge and to show that prayer and dogma are organically connected. Contemplative prayer is not the tree but the fruit—ordinarily the fruit of a life lived or striving to live in conformity with Christ and accepting Christ's teachings on the divinity as well as His teachings on the moral life.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." There is probably no greater expounder of the contemplative life than Saint John of the Cross. And no one has insisted more than the great Spanish mystic on the necessity of imitating Christ's human life in order to share the secret of His divine life.

When Contemplatives Go Astray

The contemplative life is fraught with danger for the inexperienced, and without the hard firm road of dogmatic faith, the contemplative is in risk of falling a victim to discouragement, disillusionment or both. Cassian's conferences on the Desert Fathers are full of stories about contemplatives who went astray—chiefly through pride. Alas, it is to be feared that the contemplative movement which is developing outside the Catholic Church in this country is largely tainted by pride. Huxley's contempt for the Incarnation expressed in that very brilliant study

ay Eminence is but an example among many. Dr. Karl Stern remarked in his book *The Pillar of Fire* that the Catholic Church is the Church of the multitude; the inevitable result of this is that there is a lot of mediocrity and vulgarity to be encountered in all ranks of Catholics. The Catholic contemplative must accept this fact as one of the corollaries of the Incarnation. Anxious Huxley, however, would have to give up a certain amount of spiritual pride to accept the fact that being a Catholic might mean that he would perhaps have to confess his sins one day to every mediocre man, his inferior in every way, but who happened to be a priest. Contemplation outside the Church seems to reinforce pride. Tauler, the great Dominican mystic, has written at length about "natural contemplation" and "the Devil's contemplatives."

However, if we may regret the part that spiritual pride is playing in non-Christian contemplative life we must also admit our part of responsibility in the development of the contemplative life outside the Church. Among those non-Catholics who seek a life of silence and meditation in America, how many can know that the Catholic Church is the natural home of such a life? Until Merton wrote his *Seven Storey Mountain* Americans were unusable if they looked elsewhere than to the Catholic Church for a realization of the contemplative life. The Church in America might simply appear to the outsider like Big Business successfully organizing Christianity. (I purposely refrain from speaking of Christianity successfully organizing Big Business as the success would probably spell the death of Big Business.) If in Europe there is not much excuse for the outsider to ignore the claims of the Church to be guide and mistress of the inner life, there is very much too much excuse for the American to continue ignorant. If everybody has not read Merton, America is a vast land, the contemplative monasteries are scattered sparsely throughout wide spaces, and the atmosphere of the Catholic parish, school, or university, is definitely un-contemplative, not to say anti-contemplative, for they tend to discourage rather than to encourage the seeker after prayer and silence. The heresy which sadly enough bears the name "Americanism" has been long ago condemned and is a thing of the past; unfortunately, the spirit of that heresy lingers on even to this day.

'... Our Hearts Are Restless ...'

We are witnessing a revival of the contemplative life within the Church. It is a sign that "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee." Yet, in

order that the grace of God fall not on stony ground so that who receiveth the word with joy fail to give it roots, and it with . . . or lest the grace of God fall among briars and be choked the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches—it is necessary that the ground be cultivated.

It is indeed difficult to see how the contemplative life can be more than an isolated phenomenon in the Catholic life of America unless we soon find among us more priests who are sufficiently instructed in dogmatic theology and the ways of men in prayer to be able to direct and counsel those who turn to them for advice along the narrow way which leads to the Mountain where God is Peace and Rest to those who have finally learned to abide in His Love.

Perhaps the prayers of our contemplative Orders, and those unknown contemplatives who live among us in the world will obtain us such a grace. "The Lord has begun the work—it is for him to continue it."

R. C. DOUGLAS



GODS OF SCIENCE

How scientific progress helps
The farmer with his crop.
A weatherman can make it rain
But can he make it stop?

The Vengeance of the Fettered Elements*

The technician has lost the age-old awe that restrained man from injuring the earth, from changing the shape of its surface. This awe in the past was very pronounced; its traces are found everywhere in the history of agriculture, and it reaches well into prehistoric times. With the great masterpieces of architecture there has always been associated the idea of a colossal presumption—the tower of Babel is a typical example; even Cologne Cathedral was held to have been built with the Devil's aid. Certain ceremonies during the building of a house that have survived until our days are acts of propitiation and consecration, implying that there has been an act of desecration. The technician, however, proceeds without regard, as his methods show. To him, the earth is an object for intelligent and artful planning, a lifeless sphere subject to mechanical motion and exploitation by him who understands its mechanics. Ruthlessly the technician conquers the earth in his quest for power; he confines the elemental forces in engines where they must obey and deliver power. Elementary nature and the man-made mechanisms controlled by human intelligence will clash and the outcome is an act of enslavement which presses elemental forces into service. Their free play is ended by force.

We gain a clear idea of this process if we imagine it as an act of tapping or bleeding. Man taps elemental nature and drains its forces. The wells and shafts driven into the earth everywhere get at her underground treasures, those factories which extract nitrogen from the air, radium from pitchblende, or simply ways of transforming clay into bricks—all these are taps and drains. We find them wherever technical products are manufactured. We also find them where the finished technical product passes into the consumers' hands. Thus the expansion of motorized transport goes hand in hand with the constant growth of road networks, service and repair stations which cover an ever larger portion of the earth. Mechanization vastly increases the number and size of those plants by which nature is tapped and drained.

Nature's Reciprocity

With the progress of technology, the sum total of the contributions which it exacts from nature grows bigger and bigger. Elemental nature, through mechanical work, is being mastered; it is being conquered and exploited by man-made tools. But if we thought this to be the whole story, we would understand but

*Reprinted from *The Failure of Technology* by Friedrich Georg Juenger. (Chicago: Henry Regnery, Hinsdale, Ill.)

half of it. We would have only a one-sided idea of the process. For all this seemingly one-sided pressure and compulsion, the engineered extortion of nature has a reverse side, a counterpart. Because the elementary now floods with its powers all things mechanical, it permeates and expands all over the man-made world which has conquered it. In other words, mechanization and elementarization are merely two aspects of the same process; they presuppose one another. The one is unthinkable without the other. This reciprocal relation becomes increasingly clear with growing technical perfection. From this infiltration of the elementary, there stems the torrential dynamic motion typical of the progress of technology. The elementary is the source of its rolling speed, its vibrations and tremblings, its explosive impact. It is indeed strange that rational thought, poor as it is in elementary power, could have set these tremendous forces in motion. But let us not forget that this mobilization was effected by compulsion, by aggressive and violent means.

As we look around today we feel that we are living in a giant mill which works day and night at a furious, feverish pace. The blast furnaces and converters the fires blaze and roar; everywhere the streams of molten metal are pouring forth and huge ingots are glowing cherry red. This is the workshop of the Titans. The industrial landscape is volcanic in its character, and thus we find, especially in the areas of heavy industries, all the companion-signs of volcanic eruptions: lava, ashes, fumaroles, smoky gases, night clouds reddened by flames—and devastation spreading far and wide. Titanic elemental forces captured in marvelous engines are straining against pistons and cylinder walls, as crank shafts are moving and deliver an even flow of power. All the elements are racing and raging through the jails of man-made apparatus; all those boilers, pipelines, gearboxes, valves are steaming and bristling with reinforcements, as is every jail, designed to keep its inmates from escaping. But who can remain deaf to the sighing and moaning of the prisoners, to their raging and ranting to their mad fury, as he listens to the multitude of new and strange noises which technology has created? Characteristically, all the noises originate from the meeting of the mechanical with the elemental; they are produced by the outflow of elementary forces from the constraining might of the machine. If they are rhythmic, their rhythm is automatic, regulated significantly by lifeless time. And all these noises are malignant, shrill, shrieking, tearing, roaring, howling in character. And they grow more malignant as the technology approaches perfection. They are as ev

the visual impressions which technology supplies, such as the cold light of mercury, sodium, and neon lamps, which are lighting the nights of our cities. Likewise it is a significant fact that sound and light signals are increasingly employed as warnings against dangers. Traffic lights, rail torpedoes, stop lights, horns, belong to that category, as do the siren, those sirens whose mighty mechanical screams announce the approach of dangers.

Resistance of Matter

An automaton always presupposes man. If it were otherwise, it would not be a lifeless mechanism, but a demon endowed with independent will. The old superstitious idea, however, which held that some man-made apparatus might acquire a conscious life, might unfold a will of its own, a rebellious and destructive will—this idea is by no means as erroneous as we now suppose. Although this idea may seem absurd, owing to its form of presentation, it still contains a measure of truth. For inertia, the passive resistance of matter, grows under the mechanical coercion inflicted upon it and, from this resistance of matter against its fetters, collisions result, followed by destructions.

At a certain stage of technological progress, the individual begins to become aware that he has entered a danger zone. Gradually the smug satisfaction which the observer derived from the sight of some marvelous piece of machinery, gets mingled with a sense of impending danger; fear befalls him.

Those weavers who in a burst of blind and thoughtless hatred destroyed the power looms that had deprived them of their livelihood were not yet aware of the real menace. They tried to stop technical progress by brute force, a fruitless attempt to save themselves from proletarianization. The realization that man has to pay a price for every increase in power the machine gives him, that he must give an equivalent in return, is a realization that had not yet dawned in the early days of technology. In those days boundless economic confidence predominated, an unshakable optimism about the future. It is by no means accidental that the progress of the machine age was accompanied by doctrines in which progress undertakes to celebrate itself, doctrines ranging all the way from praise of evolution to praise of brute force. The machine era is revolutionary not only as regards machinery. As technology approaches perfection, however, the chorus of optimistic voices grows weaker, because experience gradually teaches not only the advantages but also the disadvantages which the new tools bring. Only by experience do we learn that our technological apparatus has its own laws,

and that we must be on guard against getting in conflict with the machine.

The industrial accident may serve here as an illustration. As mechanization progresses, industrial and traffic accidents increase until they far exceed even the casualties of war. Since even the most ingenious inventions cannot eliminate these accidents, it is clear that they must be due to some basic discrepancy between the operator and the mechanism he operates. The operational accident occurs where man fails to function as a human machine, where he no longer acts in accord with the automatic mechanism he is operating. The operational accident, in other words, occurs precisely where we are human, where we try to assert our independence of the machine, be it by lack of attention, fatigue, sleep, or preoccupation with nonmechanical things. It is in such moments of human weakness that the suppressed elemental forces break loose, get out of control, and wreak their vengeance by destroying both the operator and his machine. The law, now in the service of the technical organization, punishes the negligent operator for his failure to control his automaton with automaton regularity. . . .

Occupational Accidents

The operational accident is a specific and local act of destruction; characteristically, it is unintentional and unavoidable, no matter what technicians, safety experts, and insurance men are claiming to the contrary. For while it is true that almost every accident can be proved as avoidable by analysis, it is also true that the failure of mechanical functioning is inherent in human nature. This is because man is more than a bundle of associations. Appallingly high as are the operational casualties of a modern civilization even in peacetime, they give only a faint idea of the destruction that can be wrought by a perfected technology in war, if, that is, the destruction is planned and the apparatus of technology is pressed into its service. Technology, indeed, is willing; it is even eager to serve for destruction because it itself is brimming with destructive forces. Once we have grasped the fact that mechanization has its counterpart in the invasion of our civilization by elementary forces, the constantly closer connection between government by technology and government-organized war becomes quite clear.

By its progressive mechanization, technology not only cumulates those energies which obey rational thinking and are its faithful servant. With the aid of these energies, it does not merely create a new work organization that directs both production and consumption. In the same process of mechanization, technol-

to accumulates forces of destruction which, once unleashed, turn on man with elemental impact and a fury all the greater, the user technology advances to perfection. If we want to examine the interaction between the mechanical and the elemental, we can find no more instructive field of study than the battlefields in a modern war of matériel....

We now realize the existence of various danger zones which we can distinguish by the varying degrees to which they are menaced by destruction. Those zones where the interaction between man-made mechanics and natural elements is most intense, that is, where technical progress has advanced the farthest, as in big cities and highly industrialized regions; those are also the zones where destruction can have the greatest quantitative effect. The zones of greatest danger are the ones where the organization of work has produced the densest settlement, where the greatest mass of people has been brought together. For it is the masses especially who are threatened by destruction. We can see this already in the new war weapons that have been introduced, weapons whose technical progressiveness is expressed in their mass effect. War weapons of this sort, like poison gas, have a painful similarity to the methods employed by the exterminators of pests. Significantly, these new weapons are designed for total effect within considerable space. This means that their effectiveness is greatest in those spaces where human masses are concentrated.

FRIEDRICH GEORG JUENGER

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On the Threshold

WAITING FOR GOD
By Simone Weil
Putnam, \$3.50

Simone Weil has been hailed by some non-Catholics, including Leslie Fiedler who did the Introduction to this book, and some Catholics too, as the Outsider Saint, the Saint of the Unchurched—proof that you don't have to declare your allegiance to the Church in order to be a saint. On the other hand, she is denounced by some reviewers for holding unorthodox views and indeed talking against the Church.

There are a lot of things that have to be accounted for about Simone Weil. She practiced unusual and heroic virtue. When she was *five* she refused to eat sugar as long as the soldiers at the front were not able to get it. (This in a solid bourgeois agnostic family.) The same sort of compassion marked her whole life. Although an intellectual, trained to teach, she worked in an automobile factory, sharing all the hardships of the workers until she broke down, and subsequently did the same thing among agricultural workers. She died, at 34, in England and could have been saved had she not declined to eat more than the ration of those who occupied France.

Simone Weil had mystical experiences of Christ's presence which there seems to be no reason to question. I am certainly not disposed to doubt them.

She suffered from the age of thirteen almost constantly from migraine headaches. In the beginning she was tempted on their account to commit suicide. When she had her mystical experiences she was transported beyond the headaches, which continued nevertheless. To this special affliction has to be added the hunger, cold, dirtiness, ugliness, and utter exhaustion she frequently felt.

Simone Weil was an intellectual with a pretty good knowledge of theology. When she discussed the faith she did so in the light of profound doctrine and of its sacramental life.

Yet she refused to be baptized—on the grounds that she did not think it was the will of God for her—at least yet. She proposed just to wait (hence the title of this book) until God did something further about it. She thought perhaps she was meant to remain just outside in communion with all the other non-Catholics. Yet she loved the Church almost fiercely and in no way superficially. She loved Christ and the Blessed Sacrament.

So what shall we make of Simone Weil? The best hypothesis seems to be that she was a person favored by God, of an heroic stature, who was in process of conversion but fighting against it. She probably would have come into the Church had she not died prematurely. There is no sign that God had ceased to pursue her because of her resistance. There is no sign of a death-bed conversion, although there might have been one. And who knows the mind of God and why He allowed her to die at that particular time?

The above hypothesis does account for most of the problems about Simone Weil. There is no need for denying that she was more favored than most of us and heroic enough to put us to shame. But for her need we say she was perfect. She was ugly and apparently ultra-sensitive to an unhealthy degree, even scrupulous (which may be the explanation of her refusal to be baptized). Her essays are a collection of brilliant and true ideas mixed with errors and insufficiencies. Most of the essays in this book fall under the general title "Forms of the implicit presence of God," and these cannot be read, to my mind, without being on guard.

Simone Weil stayed awhile at the farm of Gustave Tibon who became her very good friend and preserved her manuscripts. But at first he couldn't stand her because she talked incessantly—about ideas, of course. She was carelessly dressed and conspicuously awkward about her manners. But inside she had a soul delicate, extremely gentle, and charitable.

This very beautiful soul of hers is expressed most clearly in her letters to Father Perrin, a Dominican priest-worker whom she loved and to whom she exposed her soul. She said she had never really trusted anyone else in her life because she was afraid of being hurt, but she trusted him because of his great charity. The letters are the heart of this volume and very moving.

Where sin abounds, grace is poured out more lavishly than usual. Dark days are very evil so we can expect much grace. Simone Weil's book adds to the growing evidence that we are living in one of the great spiritual ages.

CAROL JACKSON

Corporatism

THE CORPORATIVE STATE
by Joaquin Azpiazu, S.J.
Paper, \$4.00

Corporatism or Corporativism means a social doctrine opposed to individualism and statism, to unregulated capitalism and rigorous socialism, by implication perhaps also to pure democracy and totalitarianism. It is favorable to a *pluralistic* order of society: a self-administration of their internal affairs by professional and industrial bodies (that is, the "corporations") invested with a certain authority over their members and only loosely controlled by the State; the preservation of employers and workers as district partners of industry, but at the same time institutionally ensured partnership of the workers in the general management of industrial life in its various aspects. This doctrine, without denying the political citizenship of men, considers them also—in their capacity of producers—as citizens of "vocational," "functional," "industrial" associations *within* the State and asserts that their political citizenship can only be made valid fully and actually *through*, or at any rate in conjunction with, their professional self-government.

It is not surprising that the inspiration and sponsorship of Corporatism should have been mainly (though not exclusively) Catholic; indeed, the "social encyclicals" of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI have con-

ferred upon Corporatism, taken in a rather comprehensive and flexible sense to be sure, a semi-official privilege in the world of Catholic social thought, and given a powerful impetus "from above" to its literary elaboration. Nor is it a matter for wonderment in the English-speaking countries, where the liberal-democratic parliamentary tradition is more vigorous and more universally accepted than elsewhere, and whose culture is definitely Protestant in its origins and coinage, Corporativism has met with less interest even in Catholic circles than is true of Continental Europe and particularly its Latin sector.

Again, in spite of the actual initiatives in building a "Corporative order," undertaken by the former "authoritarian" regimes in Italy and Austria and the still subsisting ones in Portugal and Spain, it is very much easier to formulate Corporatism as a moral principle and to describe it as a *social atmosphere* than to state its precise expression or requirements in the fields either of *economic* or of *political* organizations. On the whole, Corporativist doctrine as mirrored, for example, in the present work, has shown itself rather vague and non-committal on all points that seem to demand a clear "either—or" or imply the indiscreet question "How exactly—?"; stronger in moral criticism than in concrete statements, proposals and rejections, but also stronger in exhortation than in criticism. What Father Aspiazu's book best succeeds in conveying is (a) the ethical inadequacy of "classic" liberal economics and the policies based on its findings, (b) the desirability of "de-proletarianization," though how this is possible in an industrial society is hard to surmise, (c) the fact that Corporatism not only does not necessarily involve a fascist dictatorship in the State but is also scarcely compatible with the "totalitarian" conception of society, modelled on Plato and Hegel, which underlie that type of government.

For the rest, students of the subject will find in Father Azpiazu's book many literary references and historical data to be thankful for. However, it lacks consistent argument and logical skeleton entirely. Its confused and woolly character is made worse, perhaps considerably, by a very poor translation.

A. KOLNAI

Prophet Made Pleasing

ISAIAS: MAN OF IDEAS

By Dom Hubert Van Zeller, O.S.B.

The Newman Press, Cloth, \$2.25. Paper, \$1.25

This pocket size volume is a reprint without changes of the work of the same title

published in 1938.

Dom Hubert has endeavored to break down the wall of separation between the great herald-prophet of Christ and present day readers of the Bible. With a disarming simplicity, more by indirection than by direct proof, he convinces the reader that the dress clothes of Hebraic learning and reams of complicated, obscure historical notices are not needed for an introduction to the prophet. He shows the prophet to be a genuine human being who suffered more than the average man in high places for the sake of the kingdom of God. Some readers may be inclined to find

e book in places a slight bit exaggerated and studied in its attempts at formality.

The book is more provocative than productive of an elementary knowledge of the prophecy. From it one does get the conviction that further study of the prophet is not only possible but desirable and profitable. It is to be doubted that a sufficiently clear picture of the times is achieved, unless the book is read as closely as possible. A chronological list of the kings of Judah, Israel, Syria, Assyria, Egypt and Babylonia for the period of the prophet's activity would have been most helpful, while at the same time not very frightening.

Dom Hubert distinguishes between the prophet and his work. He succeeds in quickening into life a picture of the prophet. He is not so successful in making the prophecy readable. Little or no attention is paid to the structure of the inspired volume so that the message of Dom Hubert's book amounts in short to this: "I have made Isaias, the man, approachable and even 'sympatisch.' Now read his book, because he is approachable and 'sympatisch.'" It is a wrong psychological method. The editor of the telephone book could likewise be shown to be most democratic and friendly but the knowledge of that fact would not make his thick volume one whit more readable. Dom Hubert fails to realize that practically all of his readers have only the book of prophecy for reference as they study his own book. They have not toiled over thick volumes as he has to enable them to thread their way through the labyrinth of the twenty-six chapters.

The picture of Isaias which Dom Hubert gives is not completely the additional one. One would expect in this popular work a treatment of prophecies concerning the passion of Christ. Instead the Dom fails to mention them and prefers to portray Isaias as a man of God subject to many trials and disappointments which do not dismay him because of his great confidence in God. How much richer would have been the portrait Dom Hubert had indicated that the prophet's source of strength was his knowledge, vague as it may have been, of the sufferings of the coming messias?

The position of Dom Hubert towards Isaias is strikingly similar to that of some modern scriptural writers, such as Kissane, Feuillet, Steinman and Fischer who hold that the last twenty-six chapters of the prophecy were not written by the son of Amos but were composed at a later date by disciples of the prophet. This opinion is only beginning to gain some adherents among Catholic writers of whom the above mentioned are the principal ones. With variations and for other more fundamental reasons Protestant writers have been holding the same opinion for more than a century. It remains to be seen whether the Catholic writers have sustained their thesis any better than the non-Catholics have. This reviewer is not been convinced by them.

It should be noted that of the eight books acknowledged by Dom Hubert only two are by Catholic writers, Goodier and Pope. The others are not specifically on the Index but come under the classification of books that hold false principles about the Sacred Scriptures. This reviewer could not in conscience recommend them for reading.

REV. JOSEPH J. TENNANT, S.T.D., L.S.S.

Another Look at Newman

CARDINAL NEWMAN

By J. Lewis May
Newman, \$3.25

Among less burdensome things brought me by a thorough Catholic education was a period of about a year of compulsory daily chapel at the shrine of *The Second Spring*. The master's masterpiece was held up for veneration, accorded ritual incensing and revered by profound genuflections. Then a drawing of it was held up before us, the whole partitioned by carefully placed lines like the steers one sees pictured in butcher shops with each cut neatly labeled. Then we "imitated" the thing, topic by topic, paragraph by paragraph, sentence by sentence, simile by simile, and word by sickeningly perfect word.

For a long time I thought my distaste for Newman grew from the same forced adulation which enabled me to forgive Francis Thompson his *Hound of Heaven* only because he had smoked opium and been picked up in the gutter by a prostitute, or to pardon Alice Meynell her poetry out of thanksgiving for her having taken the prostitute's place and moved Francis to better rooms—a gratitude which I have sometimes since considered misplaced.

But on coming upon my first biographies of Newman I discovered that I just didn't like the fellow at all. We were not compatible.

In later years, I was fortunate enough to come to the works of Newman uncompelled and to be captured by their power. I now read Newman with delight, but I still cannot read about him without annoyance. If someone hasn't called Newman a disembodied intellect revealed in a matchless prose style, someone should have done so long ago. And his biographers would have done his readers a service to have left him that way. Writers should be read and not seen. Like the fatuous pictures of newspaper columnists, the personal lives of authors—with a few Johnsonian exceptions—are hindrances to the appreciation of their words.

But let this not be misleading about J. Lewis May's *Cardinal Newman*. Newman was a great man and this is a very fine book. It is clearly a biography written in a style touched with the clarity, depth and unctiousness of Newman's own. That the odor of incense hangs over it is not altogether a bad thing. *Cor ad cor loquitur*, and occasional irritation at the repetitious *obiter dicta* on the master's prose (not content with calling particular work a classic, Mr. May occasionally finds it necessary to say so twice on the same page in the same words) is a small price to pay for the author's sympathetic penetration and clear presentation of Newman's thought. The chapter, for instance, on the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* is a little gem and the other major works are rendered justice.

The Irish, Manning, and "The Machine" in Rome come off rather badly but they are given marks for good intention and excused the rest on the grounds of invincible ignorance, not being English gentlemen. I. Mr. May wrote with Wilfrid Ward's two volumes on his desk, he was no different from the rest of Newman's biographers since Mr. Ward's time. And I am sure that if the book had been written this year rather than twenty years ago, it would have avoided the phrase about "working like niggers."

JAMES SHAW

Discerning Vocations

THE THEOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS VOCATION

By Edward Farrell, O.P.

Herder, \$4.00

ached, *provided* one has been able to retain the contents of the previous chapters. Hence at times it may be well to start with the last chapter of a book and to use the conclusions as guiding points to understand the value of what has preceded.

Father Farrell's book may be of greater service to confessors and spiritual directors if they start with the last chapter which treats of the practical norms of religious vocation. The novice in this most difficult art of counseling will lose himself in the close argument which Father Farrell follows to determine the nature of a religious vocation and the supernatural elements that are a definite part of it. For all readers it may come as a shock that they have never considered the role played by the virtue of Religion, by its allied virtue, Devotion, and especially by Magnanimity. It will enable them to see the solid reasons that Father Farrell advances to criticize the so-called Attraction Theory, the External Vocation theory, and the more recent General Vocation Theory. This book may not settle once for all the thorny problem of the nature of a religious vocation, just as the basic problem of predestination, grace, and free-will will continue to furnish material for endless discussions. But using the theological principles which Father Farrell forcefully points out, the spiritual guides will tell that they are trodding on safe ground and that they will be able to attain a high degree of probability in their decisions, matured by prayer and reflection.

Practically all religious groups have launched recruiting campaigns. But in this needed increase of candidates these groups are to keep in mind that quality more than quantity should be their aim. Instead of lowering their standards to attract candidates, they must keep always before their eyes the supernatural ideals of a religious calling. Hence a study of the book of Father Farrell by those who conduct recruiting campaigns and even by those who are to pass judgment on the suitability of the candidates who have already come will be a definite help to evaluate once more the principles that must guide them and perhaps even correct some false views which the need of more vocations may have led them to accept.

JOSEPH LAMONTAGNE, S.S.S.

The Liturgical Revival

THE PROGRESS OF THE LITURGY

By Dom Olivier Rousseau, O.S.B.

Newman Press, \$2.75

to the hands of the professional liturgist. It is a history of the influences and confluences in liturgy from around 1800 to the pontificate of Blessed Pius X, not without interest, when we see how much of present liturgical modes, practice, and policy (if we may term it so) were fashioned in the debates of scholars, and the definitive decrees of the Holy See; another

This Benedictine monograph may well find its way onto the library shelves of seminaries and novitiates and

example of the finger of divine Providence using human instruments to meet the needs of the ever-new, ever-old Church.

In a sense this book could be termed an evolution that traces the world-wide impact that the work and writings of Dom Gueranger had on the field of liturgy. We see its beginnings at Solesmes, and then commences the litany of famous names that felt the force of the renewal and restoration accomplished there: The visit of the Wolter brothers Dom Maurus and Dom Placidus, and their subsequent foundation Beuron; Gueranger's "son," Cardinal Pitra; Newman and Pugin and Wiseman; Belgium and its abbeys; Bohemia; Austria; Italy; Dom Cabrol of Farnborough; Germany and its ecclesiology and Moehler. We can even see the shadows that Dom Marmion built into the substance of his particular type of spiritual counsel. The summit of this study is the incisive pattern that the personality of Blessed Pius X molded into our present day liturgy.

The side issues also prove interesting: Whether "old liturgies" Gallican in origin would revive with the revival of the Church in France after the Revolution; whether Bishops could still allow compositions of new Masses and offices; whether translations of the Mass into the vernacular should translate the Canon—*mysterium*— (Gueranger held they should not); the tremendous role that publications and reviews played, especially Gueranger's *The Liturgical Year*; the role of tradition; the concomitant effects on art, architecture, music (which are well-treated). The author's research is evident in the copious notes and bibliography.

REV. JOHN T. CALLAHAN

Symbol of Order

SAINT BENEDICT AND HIS TIMES
By Ildephonse Cardinal Schuster
Herder, \$6.00

In *Saint Benedict and His Times* Cardinal Schuster has reconstructed not only a saint's life but a chapter

of Christian history—a panorama of a confused age in which the figure of Saint Benedict rises commandingly as a symbol of order.

The Cardinal's portrait of the saint comes alive, and Benedict appears above all else a man of prayer, gazing with complete detachment toward Heaven. Because of the great span of time between Benedict's era and ours and because of the incompleteness of historical source-materials however, the portrait remains tantalizingly shadowy. So it is that the reader will be less struck by the person of Saint Benedict than by the tremendous scope of the work to which he was called by God: to provide a Rule which would be an enduring norm for nearly all the monastic communities in the West; to establish an Order which is still vigorous after fourteen centuries and which has had so profound an influence on society that a certain period of Western history is called "the Benedictine centuries."

In showing us what Saint Benedict accomplished Cardinal Schuster has gifted us with an even larger vision—that of the Church laboring mightily and unceasingly to elevate man.

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Of course, it won't prevent the experts going right on arguing about whether the Holy Shroud of Turin is indeed the very same shroud in which Our Lord's body was wrapped for burial, but to us Dr. Hynek's proofs that it is seem pretty conclusive. In fact, we can see no way out. See if you can: if you can't, it's quite something, isn't it? \$3.25

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"The very table of contents of this book makes one fall in love with it at first sight. It is divided into three major parts: Adam: the Human Race as the Sacred Community; the Sacred Community in Abraham; the Sacred Community in Christ. These large headings alone had an instantaneous effect on me, filling me with a vision of promise. The subheadings added to the excitement, and the book, wonder of wonders, fulfilled all the promise."—J. G. Shaw \$4.00

WE WORK WHILE THE LIGHT LASTS by Dom Hubert van Zeller

"The central thought running through some forty essays presents the necessity of transforming man's work, the curse pronounced upon Adam into a blessing to insure contentment for this life and eternal happiness for the next . . . In elaborating his theme the author maintains that knowledge of self and others, with the consequent abandonment of self, is absolutely necessary for the successful fulfilment of any vocation. This apparently sweeping generalization is exemplified and concretized by an intelligent treatment of the problem of human relationship with reference to friends, to marriage partners, to fellow citizens, and especially to God."—*The Catholic Review Service* \$2.25

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The February TRUMPET will be ready soon, with our Spring list in it, besides of course a number of other things. If you don't get it, ask Pirie MacGill to send it to you. It comes free and postpaid.